

EXPLOSION SHAKES TWO BIG HOTELS; HURTS 5 MEN AND TERRIFIES WOMEN.

Patrons of the Murray Hill and Grand Union Again Panic Stricken When Stones Crashed Through Their Windows.

Another accident was added to-day to the series resulting from the rapid transit tunnel work in the neighborhood of Forty-second street and Park avenue.

Five men were injured by the premature explosion of a blast in the excavation at the southwest corner of the thoroughfares mentioned, and everybody in the surrounding territory was panic-stricken.

THE INJURED.

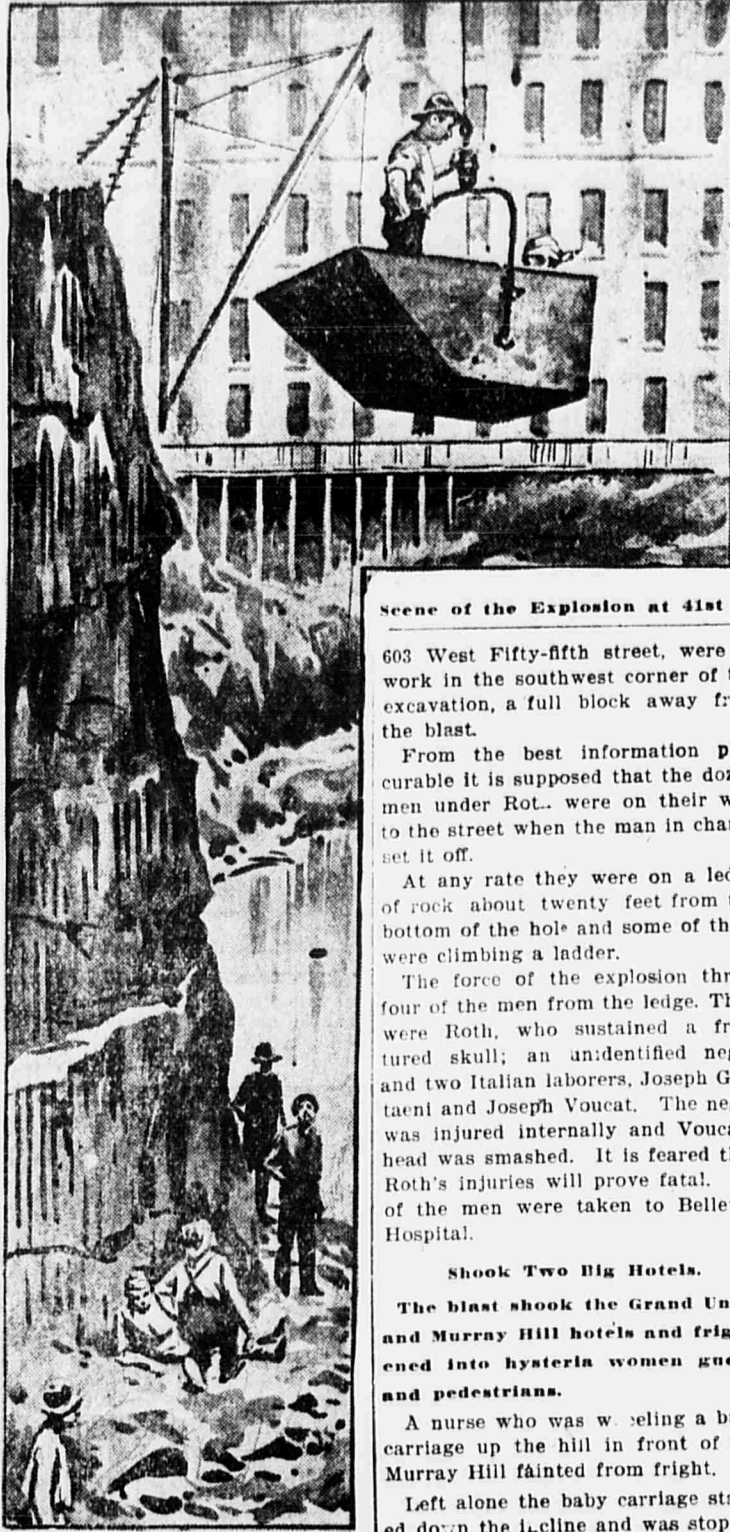
FORBES, HARRY, cabman, head cut and shoulder bruised.
GUITAENI, J. S. P. H. laborer, cuts and bruises, Bellevue Hospital.
ROTH, FRANK, head dresser, No. 603 West Fifty-fifth street, depressed fracture of the skull, probably fatal, Bellevue Hospital.
VOUCAT, JOSEPH, laborer, No. 249 Mulberry street, bruises, head cut, Bellevue Hospital.
UNIDENTIFIED NEGRO LABORER, severe internal injuries, Bellevue Hospital.

The excavation in which the explosion occurred is seventy-five deep, and to this is due the fact that the damage done was not more widespread. The heavy stones thrown out by the blast did not reach the surface of the street, and the small fragments that showered on pedestrians did little damage.

Two windows in the sixth floor of the Murray Hill Hotel were broken by stones. So far as is known this is the only damage done to property outside of the excavation.

Men Ordered to Surface.

The blast had been prepared during the night. It was in solid rock at the extreme northwest corner of the excavation, which extends through from Forty-first to Forty-second street, and will be occupied by a rapid-transit station and a big hotel.



Scene of the Explosion at 41st St.

603 West Fifty-fifth street, were at work in the southwest corner of the excavation, a full block away from the blast.

From the best information procurable it is supposed that the dozen men under Roth, were on their way to the street when the man in charge set it off.

At any rate they were on a ledge of rock about twenty feet from the bottom of the hole and some of them were climbing a ladder.

The force of the explosion threw four of the men from the ledge. They were Roth, who sustained a fractured skull; an unidentified negro and two Italian laborers, Joseph Guitaeni and Joseph Vucati. The negro was injured internally and Vucati's head was smashed. It is feared that Roth's injuries will prove fatal. All of the men were taken to Bellevue Hospital.

Shook Two Big Hotels.

The blast shook the Grand Union and Murray Hill hotels and frightened into hysteria women guests and pedestrians.

A nurse who was selling a baby carriage up the hill in front of the Murray Hill fainted from fright.

Left alone the baby carriage started down the incline and was stopped by a passer-by at the corner of Forty-first street on the very edge of the deep excavation.

Henry Forbes, a cabman, was thrown from his vehicle in front of the Grand Central Station. His head

Cabman in Front of the Grand Central Station Hurlled from His Seat—Laborers in Excavation Knocked Off a Ledge.

was cut and his shoulder was bruised. Dr. Hogan, of the New York Hospital, attended to several women who fainted in the Grand Central Station.

Women in Car Panic Stricken. Dr. Doremus, of Flower Hospital, had his hands full taking care of a Madison avenue carful of hysterical women. The car was turning the curve into Forty-second street at the moment of the explosion, and the motorman was so frightened that he turned off the power and jumped.

Scenes in the Murray Hill and Grand Union Hotels were reminiscent of that awful morning early in the year when the mid-section of the city was rocked by a powerful explosion of dynamite at Park avenue and Forty-first street. Guests piled down the stairs and ran into the streets and employees fled from their posts. Everybody who was able to run fled from the Grand Central Station, and restaurants along Forty-second street were emptied of patrons before the echo of the blast had died away.

The reserves from the West Thirtieth and East Thirtieth street stations were ordered to the scene to handle the great crowd attracted by the noise.

Blast Not Blanketed

No arrests were made. Police Captains Delaney and Sheehan said that they were unable to fix the blame as yet. Peter Foley, the foreman in charge of the work for the Deegan-McLean Construction Company, said that the accident was unavoidable.

Employees of the company who had been at work in the excavation said that the blast was not properly blanketed—that is, sufficient weight was not put on the surface to prevent the propulsion of stones by the force of the explosion.

Coming on the heels of the accident that caused the death of Major Shaler, the contractor who was building the rapid transit tunnel through Park avenue, the explosion to-day has terrorized the neighborhood.

Business men are talking of applying for an injunction restraining the blasting at the corner of Forty-second street and Park avenue unless it is done under the supervision of a man appointed by the city to see that the limits of safety are not passed.

REVERENT THROGS-KNEEL IN STREET IN FRONT OF THE DEAD RABBI'S HOME.

Great Demonstration of Grief Is Made Over Death of Old Jacob Josephs, Head of Orthodox Jews of the World.



RABBI JACOB JOSEPHS AND THOSE WHO ARE PAYING HIM A LAST HOMAGE.

Great crowds blocked Henry street to-day in front of the residence of Dr. Schnitz, where the body of Chief Rabbi Jacob Josephs, head of the Orthodox Hebrews of the world lay dead.

Men stood with their hats on and Bibles in their hands chanting prayers. Women brought their little ones to show them the body of the dead rabbi, and they crooned a peculiar song of lamentation. The sidewalk was impassable and carts of all decripious blocked the thoroughfare, while the drivers passed into the house to pay a visit of respect and praise for the dead.

Rabbi Josephs' greatest honor is that he died absolutely penniless. For four years he held the highest post

in his church in America, and enjoyed an ample salary, but he gave everything he had to the poor. The rabbi of the eighteen congregations of Orthodox Hebrews in the city will meet to-day to decide where the funeral services will be held and in what cemetery the body will be buried.

Though suffering from paralysis of the brain, death was unexpected. His eyes had hardly closed before the news of their loss was spread among his people on the east side, and soon the house was surrounded by a crowd.

Hardly had the men who stood by the bedside taken up the body to bear it downstairs when the throngs began to gather outside. It was a weird, sad cry that the crowd took up.

"Our rabbi is dead! The great God care for his soul!" they cried over and over again.

Thicker and thicker grew the throngs till the street outside was clogged with their coming. All could not get within

the house. Many knelt in the street and began to pray there to the Great Jehovah, God of their fathers. The body lay in the rear parlor of the house while the family stayed in front. They wept softly, out the comforts of the religion of their fathers meant much to them.

"This is all to show how lowly even the best are," said the son. "Our friends are chanting what it means to die. All are alike before the Almighty Jehovah, even the best."

Until the funeral Thursday the prayers will keep up. Those at the side of the body lying on the floor may change, but the same words will go up.

Rabbi Josephs was the head of the orthodox Church of America. He was born in Wilna, Russia, sixty-two years ago, and came to this country when a young man, and has since made his home in New York. Fifteen years ago he was made head of the Jewish orthodox Church in this country. Eight years ago he was stricken with paralysis, but he kept bravely at his work, and up to two years ago did hard service for his people.

"IF MY HAIR IS AN IMPROPER RED, WORRY OVER MY HUSBAND'S CONDUCT IS TO BLAME." —MRS. CORA BRONNER.

Pretty Young Matron Says Bronner Himself Raved About It Until She Refused to Lend Him \$4,000 to Start in the Clothing Business.

MRS. BRONNER'S MAXIMS.

Any honest way of making a living is good form.
Good clothes are the cheapest in the long run.
When a man comes home at 5 o'clock in the morning it don't make much difference where he sleeps.

Whether or not the tint of Mrs. Cora Bronner's hair is "improper red," as her husband, Henry, alleges in his answer to her suit for separation, is a question that the Supreme Court must decide. But it is safe to say that Mr. Bronner is the only man in New York who would say it is not becoming.

Mrs. Bronner is an unusually attractive woman. She confessed to an Evening World reporter to-day at the boarding-house she conducts, at No. 694 Madison avenue, that she will be twenty-three years old on Nov. 7 next. "Before telling you the story of my life in order that the public may judge of the truth or falsity of my husband's statements regarding me," said Mrs. Bronner, "I want to explain about my hair."

"Perhaps I should not say it, but I had pretty hair before worry over my husband's conduct caused it to fall out and become gray. It was dark, almost black, and I think I was justified in taking pride in it. When I was threatened with at least partial baldness I consulted a doctor.

"This was down in the country. The doctor prescribed a hair tonic of his own invention. You should have seen the effect of it. I had a splendid head. My friends said I looked like a circus pony. When I had my hat off my hair presented a terra-cotta effect that made me the centre of observation wherever I went.

"Upon my return to the city I consulted my own physician. He said that I would have to dye my hair and that the least harmful preparation I could use was peroxide. I used it and it had a beneficial effect. My hair became thick and strong and of the color it is now. I am not ashamed of it.

"All of my boarders said it was most becoming and my husband fairly raved over it until he wanted to borrow \$4,000 from me to set him up in the clothing business.

"When I was seventeen he took me out of the convent and married me. I was inexperienced—I might say abso-



MRS. CORA BRONNER.

lutely ignorant of the ways of the world. But I had sense enough to hold on to my money, and when the time came for me to get it I invested some of it in this house.

"We lived here for several years. My husband had a salary of \$3,000 a year and commissions. He played the duce and I put up the money for the household expenses. Never since our baby, Ella, was born, four years ago, has he bought her a gown or a hat or a toy.

I bought everything.

"Finally, when I saw that I was eating too far into the principal of my little fortune, I started a boarding-house. This offended my husband's sense of dignity.

"He considered it had form to keep a boarding-house. I consider any honest way of making a living good form, and

I am proud of the fact that my boarders like me and that I have been successful. As to his allegations of extravagance, I have only to say that if I bought expensive gowns and hats I paid for them with my own money. And I am convinced that it is true economy to buy the best that one can afford in the way of apparel.

"Every woman likes to look fresh and well groomed and stylish. It is impossible to do it with dowdy garments. Good clothes are the cheapest in the long run.

"My husband used to beat me. He used to slap my face with a slipper. And then I would have to go to the table and treat him with respect so that my boarders would not suspect the sort of life he led me.

"His accusation that I compelled him to sleep on a lounge in the parlor does not cause me any worry. In my opinion when a man comes home at 4 or 5 o'clock in the morning it don't make much difference where he sleeps.

MANY PECULIAR FEATURES ABOUT THE ELECTRIC STORM THAT DEALT DEATH AND DESTRUCTION IN NEW YORK.

Cloudburst Followed 16-Point Drop in Temperature—Wind Blew 46 Miles an Hour—Lightning Struck Many Persons, Killing Some, but Only Stunning Others.

Here are some of the things which the great electric storm did, and some of the results of Nature's tantrum with Jupiter Pluvius. Old Boreas and the elements:

The temperature dropped sixteen points in an hour.
Then there was a cloudburst.
In the first five minutes 21 inch of water fell.
In the next five minutes 21 inch.
In the third five minutes, 42—the greatest amount of water that ever fell upon the city in five minutes during the thirty-two years' history of the Weather Bureau, except on one occasion.
In twenty-five minutes .88 inch of rain fell, the greatest in the history of the city.

The wind blew forty-six miles an hour.
Ezra Engel, an eight-year-old boy, of No. 1351 Columbus avenue, swimming the Hudson River off Grant's Tomb, was killed by lightning.
William Gibbons, a Brooklyn iron moulder, was drowned in the Hudson because the storm confused him so he could not swim.

KILLED BY LIGHTNING.

A flash of lightning killed Dennis Cash, sixty years old, as he stood watching the storm forming in front of his house, No. 238 East One Hundred and Seventh street.

Michael Howard was knocked down by a bolt of lightning in his door, at No. 69 East One Hundred and Twenty-third street.

Lightning shattered one of the 200-pound stone crosses and sent it crashing down in tiny fragments from the corner of the Church of St. Paul the Apostle.

Lightning smashed the glass out of the window Roundsman Beattie, of the Tenderloin station, was closing, and nearly knocked him senseless. It split the 150-foot flag pole at Columbus avenue and One Hundred and Twenty-fourth street for thirty feet.

It sent in four false alarms over the fire-alarm wires.

Two children were struck by lightning in the lower east side and rendered unconscious for hours.
Lightning set fire to Public School No. 155. It was extinguished.
Fifty passengers on a Third avenue trolley car were shocked by a shaft of lightning.

CAUSES AN EXPLOSION.

Lightning caused an explosion of sewer gas which tore up the earth in the Ninety-sixth street hollow and damaged the New York Central track, throwing it out of gauge along the Hudson side.

Water filled the streets and avenues of Harlem literally to the height of the curbstones, and from curb to curb, for a space of five minutes during the first cloudburst.

The flood caused a thirty-inch main in the subway in Broadway at One Hundred and Tenth street to burst, turning the tunnel into a canal.

A ball of fire "about as big as a man's fist" rolled into the grocery of H. Jungerman, at No. 106 West Sixty-third street, caved down the floor, leaped to a gas pipe, hit the telephone box and disappeared, according to a dozen witnesses.

Lightning struck Third avenue car No. 2,134, bound south and full of passengers, near Ninety-fifth street, shocking the passengers and setting fire to the floor of the car. No one was hurt, though there was a panic.

Lightning struck the "L" structure at Eighth avenue and One Hundred and Twenty-sixth street and Terhune's dry goods store a block further up.

Lightning struck the house of Dr. Seifert at City Island and destroyed the electric lighting system of the island.

FLOOD STOPS TRAINS.

The water ran twenty inches deep in the New York Central tunnel at

Seventy-second street for a while after the cloudburst, and all trains were delayed twenty minutes.

Passengers on the Elevated refused to leave the cars in the storm, and those on the stations could not board the trains, so that for an hour the stations were jammed.

Visitors to Central Park took refuge under the nearest shelter. Mrs. Radford, of No. 1383 Third avenue, ran under a low bridge with her baby in her arms. As she stood in four feet of water holding the baby over her head Policeman John Kelly waded in to her rescue.

Much damage was done to the tunnel work by the flood. At One Hundred and Third street, where the trench is fifty-eight feet deep, the water was fifty feet deep at one time, and logs and a tool-house floated down on the tide.

PARK SUBMERGED.

Thomas Jefferson Park was completely submerged, and children floated all over it on rafts after the storm.

Lightning shattered the glass at the Waldorf-Astoria and gave the guests a good scare. The same flash frightened the women at the Imperial, but they were soon calmed.

More than a thousand sparrows were killed by lightning in Hoboken. Two big pieces were smashed out of the cornice at the Barrington apartment house by the lightning.

The Ingram Dye Works, in Long Island City, were struck by lightning, the factory set afire and the whole plant destroyed. Loss \$15,000.

An iron railing was struck by lightning and driven through a plate glass window at Doud's grocery, Columbus avenue and Sixty-second street. Two men and a woman were killed by the storm in Pittsburgh.

There was great damage wrought at Newark, Montclair, Jersey City and the Westchester cities of Yonkers, Mount Vernon and New Rochelle.

ACCUSE MOTHER OF WALL STREET MAN STEALING CHILDREN SUES FOR CHILDREN

George Sommer and the Authorities of St. Peter's School Say His Wife Kidnapped Her Daughters.

Mrs. Augusta Sommer, living with her father, Frederick Hallen, at Wyckoff street and Putnam avenue, Brooklyn, was arrested this afternoon on a charge of kidnapping her two daughters from St. Peter's School, Barclay and Church streets, on June 18.

Mrs. Sommer and her husband, George Sommer, a butcher at No. 29 Washington street, separated three years ago, and the court gave the custody of the two children, May, nine years old, and Lillian, seven years old, to the father. The mother had been visiting the children on June 18 in St. Peter's School, when it is charged she took the children home with her. Her attorney, Otto Koop, asserts that the children were not being cared for properly.

Because of a misunderstanding and the failure of Lawyer Kemp to appear in court after the recess, Magistrate Deed again postponed the hearing until to-morrow. Mr. Sommer was in court with one of the children whom it is alleged his wife attempted to kidnap.

Louis Sternberger Applies for Writ of Habeas Corpus to Compel Wife to Surrender Them.

Louis Sternberger, a stock broker, of Wall street, living at Babylon, L. I., filed in the Supreme Court of Brooklyn to-day an application for a writ of habeas corpus to compel his wife, "Berthe," to turn over to him their two children, Marion, aged thirteen years, and Robert eleven years old.

With the application were filed a number of affidavits, which were sealed, and which are said to contain very sensational statements which would prove that he should have the custody of the children.

Sternberger and his wife separated in 1886, and since then, he asserts, he has been unable to see his children. The matter will be called for argument to-morrow morning.

SECRET AGENTS LAID PLOT AND SLEW CATANIA.

Captain Vredenburg Declares Murderers Executed Conspiracy of Sicilian Society.

HIS SON IS THREATENED.

Banana Peddler's Cart Regarded as Important Clue, but Italians Are Afraid to Talk for Fear of Vengeance.

"The investigations I have made so far lead me to the belief that Catania was killed for a purpose, the 'ayers were the instruments of a secret society and that if the murderers are ever found it will be the unfolding of a conspiracy, deep laid and well executed."

That was the way Capt. Vredenburg expressed himself on the case of the Italian grocer, of Columbia street, whose mutilated body was found sewn in a sack on the shores of Bay Ridge last week.

Capt. Vredenburg is commander of the district in which Catania lived and in which a large Italian settlement makes its home. But the headquarters detectives have not consulted Capt. Vredenburg, and the result is that the police are divided with a number of different bodies working on the case. Each is working independently and the same ground has been covered over and over.

The men from headquarters are trying to fasten the crime on Vincenzo Trica, who was arrested soon after the body was found, and who was known to have made threats against Catania. So far no evidence has been found against Trica.

Clue in a Peddler's Cart.

Capt. Vredenburg's men have found traces of a peddler's cart, which was taken from an Italian banana vender of Columbia street the afternoon of the murder, and which was returned late that night. It is now known positively, according to Capt. Vredenburg, that Catania's body was not taken to the place where it was found in a wagon, but in a banana peddler's cart, that it was covered with a dirty canvas so as to resemble a load of bananas.

"It is a common thing for the banana peddlers to take the shore road for Coney Island with their fruit, keeping it covered from sun and weather until they arrive at Bath Beach or Coney Island. But it is customary for them to go down in the morning. Detectives have found witnesses who saw a cart go by the shore road late Wednesday afternoon and that is supposed to be the one carrying Catania's body.

Only one man was pushing it, and he was having a hard time. Catania weighed 220 pounds.

Following this cart, and in locating the place in which it belonged, the Amity street police assert that Catania was killed very close to his home.

Neighbors Afraid to Talk.

"These people will tell us nothing," said Capt. Vredenburg, "and therefore the work is difficult. To every question they simply answer that they do not know. If you ask them if it is daylight they will say they do not know. One woman, whom I know could tell us much about this tragedy, told me yesterday that if she opened her mouth I would also find her dead body and would have another murder to solve. They are afraid for themselves. If one of them was caught giving information to the police he would expect to be secretly done away with. This class of people have a wonderful system of information and protection. They strike suddenly and desperately and then they combine to cover the crime.

"Antonio Catania, the murdered man's oldest son, has even told me that he dare not tell all he knows. He is in momentary dread of assassination for what he has already told. He has been threatened, and the result is that we have learned very little. All the facts cannot be induced to tell because they fear death themselves. If one of them should tell us he would be a fool to have to lock him up in a cell to keep him from being assassinated."

JAMES MCGREERY & CO.

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The remaining stock of shirtwaist dresses in dimity, chambray and organdie,—various models and colors,—3-50, 7-50, 10.00 and 15.00

Coat Suits of mercerized chambray,—various models and colors,—10.00 and 15.00

White pique skirts, 2-75

Twenty-third Street